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MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

1763 ppp. 33.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON;

Printed for J. TONSON, and the reſt of the PROPRIETORS; and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

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APR

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices, have printed and publiſhed ſeveral of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, and, to ſcreen their innumerable Errors, adverti ſe, that they are printed as they are acted; and induſtriouſly report, that the ſaid Plays are printed from Copies made uſe of at the Theatres: I therefore declare, in Juſtice to the Proprietors, whoſe Right is baſely invaded, as well as in defence of my ſelf, that no Perſon ever had, directly, or indirectly, from me any ſuch Copy or Copies; neither would I be acceſſary, on any Account, to the impoſing on the Publick ſuch uſeleſs, pirated and maimed Editions, as are publiſhed by the ſaid *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD,
Prompter to his Majeſty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal *in* Drury-Lane.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *an ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a gentleman, ſervant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Marina, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's* PALACE.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——

Eſcal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,
Would ſeem in me t'affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our Abſence to ſupply;

Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love;
And giv'n our Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: ſay, what think you of it?
Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke Look, where he comes!
Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th'obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our Remove, be thou at full our ſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus,*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.
Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

Our

Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two gentlemen.*

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious Pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.———

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, do reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No! a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, deſpight of a'l controverſie; as for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Lucio.*

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with pover-

ty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his Offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, Man?

Clown All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burger put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by th' immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—— *Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letchery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the lady,) ſhe is faſt my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on *Juliet.*

Lucio.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:)—but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my Siſter ſhould the Cloiſter enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſide, ſhe 'hath proſp'rous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.
Lucio. Within two hours,——
Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A* MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes and moſt binding Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headſtrong Steeds,)
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T'unlooſe this ty'd-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
So do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and People; therefore pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:——Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If Pow'r change purpoſe, what our Seemers be. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *A* NUNNERY.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not, as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare*.
Lucio. [*Within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that, which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.

He

He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit.* Franc.

Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his ſiſter.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if my ſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho''tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs, and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and husbandry.

Iſab. Some one with child by him?--my couſin *Juliet?*

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The

The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, my ſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of State,
His Givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant Deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lyons;) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigor of the Statute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a Warrant
For's execution.

Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Iſab. My power? Alaſs! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily,

Iſab.

Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a* Juſtice, *and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,

Guil-

Iſab.

Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and tak't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't, as your Wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provoſt?*

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.— [*Exit* Prov.

Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all:
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and

d void of all profanation in the world, that good chri-ans ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your me? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that rves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, luckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-ouſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and our Honour,———

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman;———

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-don*'s means; but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear, how he miſplaces?

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your Honour's reverence) for ſtew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence, (your Honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* diſhes, but very good diſhes)

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are ther
in in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, this mi
treſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and bei
great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; a
having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid; maſter *Fro*
here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſai
and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for
you know, maſter *Froth*, I could not give you thre
pence again.

Froth. No, indeed,

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be r
membred, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if yo
be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, we
paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept ver
good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe
what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe t
complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Ho
nour's leave: and I beſeech you, look into maſter *Froth*
here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe fa
ther dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, ma
ter *Froth*?

Froth. *All-holland* eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He
Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas i
the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight
to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and
good for winter,

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,

And

d leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
ping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.
Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good-morrow to your Lord-
ſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
w, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife,
e more?
Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her
e.
Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this man did
my wife.
Clown. I beſeech your Honour, ask me.
Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?
Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's
; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis
a good purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his face?
Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.
Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.
Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.
Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?
Eſcal. Why, no.
Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the
ſt thing about him: good then, if his face be the
ſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do
conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of
r Honour.
Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you
?
Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected
ſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſ-
s is a reſpected woman.
Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpec-
perſon than any of us all.
Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt, wicked varlet;
time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected
man, woman, or child,
Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he
ry'd with her.
Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity*?--
is true?
Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked
nibal! I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd
to

to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe w
me, let not your Worſhip think me the poor Du
officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll h
mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might h
your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worſhip for't: w
is't your Worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wic
caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offen
in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt,
him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt w
they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worſhip for it; thou ſ
thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. T
art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to c
tinue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Fr

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the* Clo

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-don*.

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? Come hither to me, maſter *Froth*:
ter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with
ſters; they will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you
hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no
of you.

Froth. I thank your Worſhip; for mine own
I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but
drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; fare

[*Exit* F

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's
name, maſter tapſter?

C

Clown. *Pompey*.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you; ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*, howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſp'ay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a Bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable; how long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen, they are glad to chuſe me for them. I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Eſcal. To my houſe; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Eſcal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it ſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provoſt *and a ſervant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:

All

All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!———

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*
Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* ſhall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou ask again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh,
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.——Y'are welcome; what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice

For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, e'er it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;—heav'n keep your Honour!
Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him: hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Iſab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;

But

But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Iſab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Iſabel*; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.
Iſab. To-morrow? oh! that's ſudden. Spare him,
ſpare him:
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But here they live, to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe, I do not know;
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a Giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't,

Prov. Pray heav'n, ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the Soldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,

That

That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good, my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
E'er ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heav'n keep your Honour ſafe!
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.
Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Iſab. Save your Honour! [*Exe.* Lucio *and* Iſabella.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,

Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt*; ſo, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your Will, good *Friar?*

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: ſhe is with child;
And he, that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke.

Duke. When muſt he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair-one, of the ſin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you, how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So grace go with you; *benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,

Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel*: Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh Place! oh Form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good Angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral Subjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Croud to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.

Iſab.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In Stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put Metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.
Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life.
Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus Wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſques
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Iſab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?
Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th'impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, e'er I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.
Ang. Then muſt your brother die.
Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?
Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,

Are

Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Iſab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arreſt your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.
Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine Honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe. *Iſab.*

Iſab. Ha! little Honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!——
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent Pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd Name, th' Auſtereneſs of my Life,
My Vouch againſt you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the Law make curt'ſie to their Will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother;
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live, chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's Reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Priſon.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

For,

For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e'er long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My Buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Provoſt. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting lieger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud.

Claud. Is there no remedy?
Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven Winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you, I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die;
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; yet is a devil:
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The Princely *Angelo?*

Iſab.

Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel*.

Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling;——'tis too horrible!

The

The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a parrdiſe
To what we fear of death.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becoms a virtue.
Iſab. Oh you beaſt!
Oh faithleſs coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh, might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.
Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.
Iſab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.
Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.
Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures.

natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to death. Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. [*Ex.* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid, my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo:* how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo?* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his Government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe, that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodneſs is never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs (that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his de-

demands to the point; only refer yourſelf to this advantage: firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience. This being granted, in courſe now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it ſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your Brother ſaved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar*; Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cramb a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array my ſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove———

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry bail: here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images newly made women to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world

as

as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the priſon, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encreaſe your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey.* Bleſs you, *Friar.*

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey!* nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke?*

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other ſome, he is in *Rome:* but where is he, think you?

Duke.

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar.*

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong ſurely.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the Subject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion, but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted Need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore, you ſpeak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Can'ſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir? *Lucio.*

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with Continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eves, becauſe they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: the Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Friday*. He's now paſt it; yet, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo, farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No Might nor Greatneſs in mortality
Can Cenſure ſcape: back-wounding Calumny
The whiteſt Virtue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, *and* Bawd.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my ſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my

brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See,
In ſpecial buſineſs from his Holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle, runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice; yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I by my good leiſure have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heav'ns your Function, and the priſoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd

bour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide?
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practie on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to-night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting;
And perform an old Contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Grange.*

Enter Mariana, *and boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away!
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſick oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after; I have ſate here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mari.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his Opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promiſe made to call upon him.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſp'ring and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt Stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up,
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade your ſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wil't pleaſe you walk aſide?

Duke. Oh Place and Greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtruck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
"*Remember now my brother.*

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our Corn's to reap; for yet our Tilth's to ſow. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *changes to the Priſon.*

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon*, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, ſurely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a myſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing Painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clown. Proof.———

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief, Clown: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveneſs. *Prov.*

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o-clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. [*Ex. Claud.*] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort!——by and by;—
I hope, it is ſome Pardon, or Reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There is ſome in Hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his Pow'r

To

To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With That, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt*; ſeldom when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very Siege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s Pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good-morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſen.

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred; one, that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitently in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him

him a ſeeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay my ſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my Inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*

Prov. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go

further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by-chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd? put not your ſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſy, when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exe.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion; one would think, it were miſtreſs *Over-don*'s own houſe; for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnard. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me. or

they

they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Ex.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the Deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides;
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* ſee, this be done,
And ſent according to Command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon.
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret Holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo.* [*Exit* Prov.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt*, he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-ballanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift Return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel.*——She comes to know,
If yet her brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave——————

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo.*

Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.

Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſab.

Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world, moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cauſe to heav'n:
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their Pow'r. If you can, pace your wiſdom
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.
Iſab. I'm directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis That he ſent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe to-night. Her Cauſe and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes,
With a light heart; truſt not my holy Order,
If I pervert your courſe. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provoſt?*
Duke. Not within, Sir.
Lucio. Oh, pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But, they ſay, the Duke will be here to-morrow.

morrow. By my troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Ex.* Iſabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n, his wiſdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in a n hour before his entring, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal.

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of Sort and Suit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This Deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflour'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law againſt it! But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her:
For my authority bears a credent Bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit; and Friar* Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe, and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,

And

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your Part; yet I'm adviſ'd to do it,
He ſays, t'availful purpoſe.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ——

Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *a publick Place near the City.*

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at ſeveral doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy Couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.

Ang. and *Eſcal.* Happy Return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the Subjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Eſcalus*;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand:
And good Supporters are you. [*As the* Duke *is going out*,

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time: ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice,
Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal your ſelf to him.
Iſab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your ſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: oh, hear me, hear me.
Ang. My lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm;
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.
Iſab. Courſe of Juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.
Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn: is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a Murth'rer: is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not ſtrange and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another Comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not; with that Opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,

As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Iſab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the Truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?

Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo:*
I, in probation of a ſiſter-hood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the Meſſenger, ———

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's Pardon.

Iſab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for your ſelf, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The Warrant's for your ſelf; take heed to't.

Iſab. This Gentleman told ſomewhat of my Tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it:
The Phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter; ——proceed.
Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs Proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile Concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte Body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his Integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.
Iſab. And is this All?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To priſon with her, ſhall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick*.
Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy Fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this Woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,

Whenever

Whenever he's conven'd. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe her ſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! ——
Give us ſome ſeats; come, Couſin *Angelo*,
In this I will be partial: be you Judge
Of your own Cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*

[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt, let her ſhew her face; and after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confeſs beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou were ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th'effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your husband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel*'s.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſ-valu'd
In levity; ſince which time of five years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath;
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly

As

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of Juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would ſwear down each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my Couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provoſt* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it it inſtantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted Couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honeſt in nothing,

but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her; pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at mid-night.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt*.

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum———

Eſcal. Come. Sir, did you yet ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord *Angelo?* they have confeſs'd, you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great Place; and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good-night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,

Thus

Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeal;
And put your Tryal in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by Joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His Subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' State! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, Sigmor *Lucio*?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the Duke as I love my ſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon; where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a-while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.

Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke I pardon; ſit you down: [*To* Eſcalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like Pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my Paſſes: then, good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold upon my ſhame;

But

But let my Tryal be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate Sentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me Pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel*:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart,
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd my ſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than That which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,

Being

Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his Poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege——

Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord. Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Iſabel*,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all,
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;

And,

And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my husband.
Oh, *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents, but meerly thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my lord.
Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?
Prov. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpecial Warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your Office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in th' priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio:*
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang.

Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in my ſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To* Lucio.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf there's one

Whom

Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the Nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deſerves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*:
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy care and ſecreſie;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons it ſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our Palace, where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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APR